Volume V Chicago, Ill., May, 1928 Number 2

The Liberal

Tolerance

"Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds disagree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?"

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The Peoples Church

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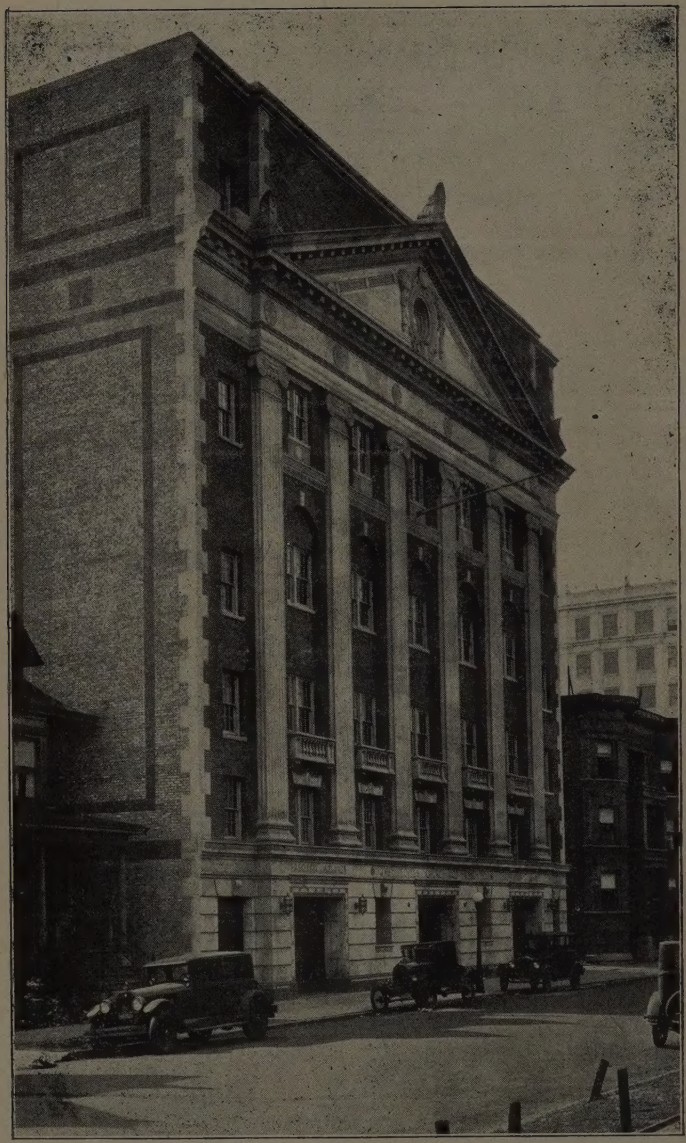

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

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EASTER SUNDAY IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Without any reservations Easter Sunday was the greatest day in the history of our church. All records for attendance and offerings were shattered. The weather conditions prevailing thruout the day were most unfavorable. The morning dawned with a cold wind blowing in from the lake. There was some sunshine but it lacked any warmth. People who had planned on donning Easter apparel must have been somewhat disappointed.

Three services were held during the day. The first meeting was at the regular Sunday morning hour. The doors were opened at 10 o'clock and by 10:30 every seat was taken except those reserved for regular holders until 10:55. At that hour hundreds were being turned away. Channing Hall was filled and many were standing. Mr. William Hodge, the much loved actor, sent us a check during the week to cover the cost of an amplifier and loud speaker for Channing Hall.

Promptly at 11 o'clock the Choir began the Processional. My subject was "A Religion Without Defeat." I shall always look back to this service as one of the most beautiful ever held in the church. The pulpit platform was banked with flowers and palms which were arranged in a most artistic manner. The music rendered by the choir under the direction of Mr. Abernethy of the Bush Conservatory was an inspiration. Mr. Walter Flandorf, our organist, played with his usual distinction and charm.

The next service was held at three o'clock in the afternoon. At this service I preached the Annual Easter sermon for the members of Illinois Commandery and Evanston Commandery, Knight Templars. My subject was "Life's Fourth Dimension." The Knights attended in a body. They met at their Ravenswood Temple and marched in a body to the church. They were escorted by the Illinois Commandery Band and Motorcycle Policemen from Lincoln Park. The Chorus Choir rendered the music with Mr. Flandorf at the organ. The church was filled for this service.

At eight o'clock at night was held the final service for the day. For this service the large auditorium was again filled. My subject was "If I Had But One Sermon to Preach." Rev. James O'May, pastor of the Sheridan Rd. M. E. Church and Dr. Morgan of the Howard Community Church, were visitors and invited to have a part in the service.

I was too tired to sleep after I retired on Easter night. For a long time I lived over and over again this great day in my ministry. During the day thousands had been under the influence of our services and I dare not even conjecture how many listened over the radio. At times the responsibility of such a relationship sweeps over me like an avalanche. Then it is I think of the hundreds of kindly hearts who are loyal and true and who are helping me in the work of our church. I take courage from their interest and assistance. To the choir, the organist, the director, the ushers and all who so freely gave of their help on Easter Day I am grateful with a gratitude beyond computation.

—P. B.

BOOK CHATS

The Ten Greatest Books of the Twentieth Century

Who are the ten greatest authors and what are the ten best books of our quarter century? Nothing daunted by the controversial aspect of the theme, Asa Don Dickinson, Librarian of the University of Pennsylvania, has chosen them, with a long list of supporting authorities, including the A. L. A., Ernest Boyd, Perry H. Boynton, C. Lewis Hind, John Macy and others.

In his new volume, "The Best Books of Our Time," a compendium of the thousand best books of the twentieth century with annotations (Doubleday Doran), Mr. Dickinson publishes the list of authors and books that rank highest.

The ten greatest authors:
John Galsworthy
H. G. Wells
Arnold Bennett
G. Bernard Shaw
Edith Wharton
Joseph Conrad
Booth Tarkington
Rudyard Kipling
W. H. Hudson
Joseph Hergesheimer

The ten best books:
An Old Wives' Tale
The Forsyte Saga
Kim
The House of Mirth
Jean-Christophe
Java Head
The Narrative Poems of Masefield
Spoon River Anthology
Penrod
Ethan Frome

Carl Sandburg's vast collection of American songs, "The American Songbag," which has just been published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, is that rare kind of book in which almost everyone can find something of interest. It is ,for example, a most illuminating footnote to American history, for the 280 songs, ballads, and ditties have been brought from all regions of the country and range from what Mr. Sandburg calls Colonial Antiques to the most modern of Negro "blues." Its songs of the pioneers, cowboys, lumberjacks, and railroad gangs give the spirit and the courage of earlier days. Musically, it shows that we have had an almost unrecognized art in our midst of which no one need be ashamed—poetry and music that have come straight from the heart of the people. But altogether it is a book to be sung rather than to be read. Snatches of many of these songs are familiar to many people who have retained them as old memories or have found them in college songbooks. But there is no other place where they can be found complete. Here, for example, are the twenty-nine verses of "Frankie and Johnny," and the thirteen of "Frankie and Albert"; that famous ballad, "Foggy, Foggy Dew"; the correct versions of Civil War songs and Kentucky ballads that have almost slipped from memory.

About one hundred of the folksongs in "The American Songbag" have never before been published. Mr. Sandburg has spent years in collecting the material for the book and in verifying and selecting the correct versions of words and music.

The notes in "The American Songbag" are a fascinating commentary on the songs themselves. For instance, he says of that old classic, "Foggy, Foggy Dew," "Observers as diverse as Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Arthur T. Vance and D. W. Griffith say this song is a great condensed novel of real life. After hearing it sung with a guitar at Schlogl's one evening in Chicago, D. W. Griffith telegraphed two days later from New York to Lloyd Lewis in Chicago, "Send verses 'Foggy Dew' stop tune haunts me but am not sure of words please do this as I am haunted by the song." —P. B.

THE RADIO MAIL BAG

Being far removed from ye editor's desk where radio mail is perused, I know nothing else to do but to write a letter myself, trusting that the friends who have made such kindly inquiries regarding my health, may be interested to hear what I have to say about my sojourn in the southland.

It is not as much fun to be obliged to take a winter vacation when one's health is at the seat of it, as it may be for the rich, the near-rich and the rich-quicks to "go South!" But when one's physicians, nurses, husband, relatives and friends insist upon packing one off, why one may as well bow to their judgment and cast their lot in sunny places! So here I am at Biloxi, Mississippi, about the last place I ever dreamed of being, not exactly in Biloxi, but midway between Biloxi and Gulfport on the Gulf of Mexice. Edgewater Park is ideally located, like a suburb—being free from the streets, shops, noises and other undesirables of the towns, and still one can reach them in twenty-five minutes on the bus. The hotel, of Spanish architecture, faces the Gulf, and beautiful lawns lay between it and the beach, there is a fountain surrounded by rose bushes, cushioned swinging seats, garden chairs, and rose-bordered walks. Today the spreading live-oaks and other trees cast lace patterned shadows on the velvety green lawn,—soft—deep—lovely shadows in the afternoon sunlight. The Gulf reflecting a cloudless blue sky is so still—so unbroken—its surface merely crinkled like crepe silk. Way out, here and there, oyster ships, looking like huge gulls, sail slowly in the quiet blue sea.

At first I was quite content to rest in a garden chair and just let the warm healing sunshine strengthen and energize me; to be sleepy and dreamy in true southern style, and let the hours drift along in a care-free way. I have delighted in the mocking birds, they hop about the lawns like robins, and sing their incomparable songs from bush and tree top. I use the plural songs—for they never seem to sing twice alike, such marvelous improvisation—such joy—such harmonious notes and exquisite minors as those little grey birds warble!

As my returning strength affords me greater freedom, I walk farther each day along the coast walk, enjoying the swish of the tide rolling in, the sand piper's quick movements and musical call, as they and the sea-gulls forage for food.

The Gulf like all large bodies of water, casts its spell over me. I can sit for hours just gazing out upon it—out—to the sailing ships—farther out—to the horizon!

It is never supposed to rain in the South, and when it does the hotel managers are blamed for misrepresentation and everybody wants to go home! The other day when the sun shone warm and golden, the air soft and balmy like a breath of June, following a rainy day, I said to a charming lady as I picked a most beautiful rose from the border—"thank God for sunshine—and roses!" We are renewed in body and spirit by the health-giving, life-giving sunlight! And who can look into the heart of a rose, enjoying its perfumed breath, without something in their own heart stirring in response—in wonder and awe at its perfection,—in recognition of that something unspeakable which links us to the Infinite. William Herbert Carruth writes in one of his poems:

"Some call it—Evolution,
Others call it—God!"

Soon I will be home—and to some old fashioned people like myself—it still is and ever will be the best place on earth—Home!

Faithfully yours,
Grace T. Bradley.
Edgewater Gulf Hotel, Biloxi, Miss.

"MYSTICISM AND RELIGION"

A Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley Delivered in The Peoples Church

Stenographically Reported by M. Heineman.

Mysticism is not concerned with reason. The mystic is never predominantly a rationalist, a rationalist in the sense of utilizing his reason in order to fathom and to explain every experience of life.

The mystic never says very much about reason. And yet the finest and the most authoritative mystics that have evolved in the experiences of life have been men and women, who have possessed divinely endowed intellectual capacities and who understood the niceties and the formulae of logic and reason. I do not mean to say that they have not possessed high and distinct capacities for reasoning. Not at all. But I am saying only what Pascal said—only much better did he say it—that the heart hath reasons which the mind does not know.

The mystical experiences of life associated with religious identities are inevitably, of course, by the very nature of the case, experiences of the heart.

Immanuel Kant, you remember said at one time in his great career that he stands speechless in the presence of the starry heavens above and the moral law within. All of the great philosophy that Kant was able to give us and crystallize was centered around those two great appalling and appealing facts which overswept the mind of Kant like an avalanche of challenge. "The starry heavens above and the moral law within."

Now the mystical interpretation of religion has to do in a figurative sense somewhat with similar identities in their establishment with the relationships of the soul with the cosmic universe.

I do not like to use the word "God" in this connection, because the word "God" immediately creates in the minds of a great many people who have a natural predisposition to the mystical quality of life but who are robbing their souls from spiritual nurture simply because they refuse to make the adventure in these matters because of their reaction against the word "God." To them "God" stands for an identity, a personality, some sovereign institution, some judge, some king, some lord, some Jehovah, something that must be worshipped, something about which creeds have been written, about whom creeds have been written and all the associations that go with the intensely anthropomorphic idea of God.

And consequently many of you people who pride yourselves about your rationalism in religion, upon the fact that you think for yourselves in religious matters, upon the fact that you have been intellectually emancipated so that there is no pressure from the past governing or dictating your theological experiences or your theological assertations do not use the word "God." A great many people are missing much of the sheer happiness that comes from a finely adjusted and well regulated mystical experience in life because of a deification which they bring to the capacity of the intellect and forget the great attractiveness and charm that dwells in the broad tablelands of the heart, experiences of life.

There is no inconsistency between rationalism and mysticism as such when mysticism is philosophically understood.

When mysticism is an experience which can be explained upon its philosophical background, always taking into consideration, of

course, its psychological implication much difficulty is cleared away.

Now, let us look for a moment at the word "mysticism" itself. May I first call your attention to the fact that "mysticism" is not at all synonymous nor is it analogous to mystery. I am not dealing with the mysteries in religion. I am not dealing with mysteries in religion as we find them expressed in the rites and ceremonies of the church. The mysteries in religion are quite another matter than the mysticism in religion.

"Mystery" is that evidence—and it is always manifested as evidence—mystery is that evidence that the mind is unable to explain by any of the laws or by any of the known facts that exist up to the beginning of the mystery. Now, that is mystery. A mystery is that thing that simply defies explanation; a mystery is that thing that we stand in the presence of hopeless and helpless to explain and the last resort is why that is a great mystery, and we speak of it as a great mystery.

Now that to me is of a lower level than that which is truly mystical. Mystical implies an **experiential** relationship, with a power which is outside ourselves. That is the mystical relationship of life. The mysterious relationship of life is to be found in our helplessness to fathom that which we cannot explain and do not understand. Mysticism in a true sense is not a mystery.

I doubt seriously whether there is an individual within the sound of my voice or present in this church this morning that has not had mystical experiences; I question whether there is any individual within the sound of my voice that has not had experiences that can only be classified under any principle of psychology or philosophy as psychological experiences or mystical experiences.

Now then I think that is one of the reasons that somewhat satisfactorily explains the interest which people have in that which they sometimes mistake for "mysterious". That which they think mysterious is not mysterious at all. It is purely mystical. And if mysticism in religion is what I have defined it to be—and that definition is not entirely my own because it has come from an accumulation of thought and study which I have given this subject for a great many years and just now is having a revival of interest. A revival of interest that can be based I think upon the fact that we have come to that period in the development of the world where a spiritualization is taking place throughout the whole program of life. Now. there may not be many evidences of the vitality of that spiritualization of life, but you and I can discover, I think, with a little observation that there are at work today in the world spiritual forces that are evidencing an unprecedented power in the world . Take science, for instance. Science is beginning to see the actual realities, the realities of the intangible; science is beginning to understand that when they weigh and designate the ion and the proton and the electron, way beyond the structure of the atom, so they are able today to know more of the energy of the atom and the constitution of the atom than ever before in the history of science, but the further science goes with the microscope and the further the eye is elongated with the telescope the more is the human brain absorbing the idea that whatever else this universe is it is a universe of spiritual propensities, a universe that has as its constituency those intangible and almost at times those qualities or impulses which cannot be captured which are basically and fundamentally of spiritual order.

I know this is more or less academic and uninteresting, but I hope you will follow me carefully. It is involved; it is involved, and yet, after we pass through this philosophical stage and come

to the pragmatic stage of mysticism it will be easier for you to follow me.

In a church like this we have predominantly men and women who are accustomed to thinking absolutely for themselves, which is the attractiveness of the church and consequently I am speaking to probably as well-informed an audience as there could be found anywhere. I don't want you to think that I am purely speculative; that what I am saying cannot be verified and ascertained by the experiences of life. I want to deal with experiences, with facts, and, of course, that is the thing that the rationalist in discussion always considers. He considers two things; always fact. What are the facts? That is the first question which the scientific mind asks. What have we to begin with? What are the facts? Not, what you think about it. Not what you would like the facts to be. Not what you think they ought to be. But, what are the facts? And then after you have discovered what the facts are, then you take those facts in relationships and with those relationships you fit in a philosophy as to what you will do with those facts when they become a part of your own experience. For it is your experiences that give credit to the facts. You verify facts by experience.

You take in the mathematical world the law two plus two is four. Now, two plus two is four. That is a fact. That is a mathematical fact. You are fully aware that it is a mathematical fact, but it does not mean very much to you as an individual until you have had an opportunity to take two dollar bills and put them with two more dollar bills and make four dollars. The mathematical fact of two plus two is four does not mean very much to you; does not very much to anybody; the facts are of little significance until they are pragmatically expressed through experience.

Now, that is the point which I want you to get in this matter of relation. Some of you ultra-scientists and rationalists and materialists who do me the honor of coming here Sunday after Sunday and whom I love and esteem very deeply, make the mistake of deifying the facts. Your primary concern is the concern of facts, but when I know you and I talk with you and I get your reactions as to what these facts are then you reveal to me those deep relationships of life that after all are the only realities worth while.

Now that is why one school of thought philosophically has been able to progress and develop on the basis of the "unreality of matter." That explains so much to me when I understood it of that philosophical theory of our dear friends, of the Christian Science attitude of mind. They are basing the experiences of life, not upon devotion to the realities of the external, but upon the relationship of the internal processes that make for health of soul and of mind.

Well, be that as it may. We must not get on that side subject or we will never get back to this important subject. I would like to go over there, and may be some Sunday I will, but that is not our subject this morning. I want to get back, if I can, over here to this side. A statement, first, of what I mean by the mystical experience in its relationship to life and its relationship to the individual. I began by saying that every individual in this audience had some mystical relationship, and this I maintain, but they all vary in intensity.

Now. you are more dissimilar in your spiritual capacities than you are in the expressions on your faces; you are more dissimilar in your spiritual potentialities than you are in your personalities with which you clothe your souls; in other words, just as many people as there are in the world, there are as many different individuals. Of course, you have the same number of eyes and nose and mouth, but not in the color of your eyes nor the shape of

your nose or mouth. That is not the big difference in life. The basic difference between individuals is not in the physical at all; the basic difference between individuals is in their spiritual potentialities. That is where you are different from anyone else in your capacity of soul. Soul is the determining factor in developing your personalities. And you are what are externally to the world because of the crystallization of what your spiritual personality has brought you from your inner relationships. That is why so many people think the world is only a matter of what we do. Character is not what we do at all. A lot of people think that because they obey the law and because they pay their debts, and because they are kind to their families, and because they are morally and ethically straight that that determines their character.

Well, of course, it would be mere sophistry for me to deny that these are elements of character formation. I recognize that. But, what you really are and what really makes you what you are is not your mere obedience to the conventional moralities of civilization; what you really are you are because of that inner personality, and that is the thing that I call Soul-fire. Something with me has the capacity—and within all—of growing, of developing, of evolving.

Why, even science tells us that we are every seven years a different being, physically. These bodies of ours we can re-make and re-mould by obedience to the laws of diet and by obedience to the laws of the physical universe; we can re-mould and re-make and do what we will with them. The only difficulty is that so many of us go through life forty or fifty years violating every law of nature, over-working every single organ of the body, and then, all at once, we realize that something has happened to us physically, and off we go to a physician and want him to get a box of pills and in thirty minutes do something that we have been thirty years bringing on ourselves; and we are disappointed with him and angry at him if in a couple of weeks he does not have it all straightened up. Well, of course, some surgeons and some doctors are miracle men, but most of them are sensible men! And they know as well as I know that what I have just spoken to you is true.

I happen to be really foolish enough to believe that my mind controls my body, and not my body my mind! I happen to be foolish enough to believe that. I believe it is possible for us to remake our bodies by our mental attitude. I think there is a chemical reaction that takes place in everybody with every thought.

Now, that does not deny nor does it take the position of the metaphysician. Not at all. But that it is possible. Well, why not? Just what is what and who is who? What would you be without mind? How do you know that it is not all mind? What other world do you live in than the world of the mind? Without your mind what are you? What are you without mind? Why, reasoning the thing down to a nicety it becomes ridiculous to deny the sovereignty of the mind.

Well, now, then, when we come to this experience, this relationship of the experiences of life, we come in contact with this truth, that your spiritual capacity determines your character. The more spiritual the reservoir is in your life the more fortified you are to live life supremely well.

Any man that feels it his highest obligation to merely be obedient to the external laws of the world ever is strong in great moments of temptation.

What enables us to rise victoriously over the badness and the vileness of life? Mere will power? Yes, but a will power that has been trained and disciplined exactly as we train and discipline the mind. But will power alone? Never! Power as power is not remedial. You can-

not accomplish things by mere force. Force in itself is helpless. Force can create agitation; force can give evidence of need; force can make furor and noise, but unless you add to your force a spiritual personality you make no permanent contribution to life or character. And so your spiritual capacity determines the extent of your moral sublimity and achievement.

When that thought first dawned upon my consciousness and I realized how little of life I was using and allowing to function at its highest; how even many of my powers I had never touched or dreamed existed, I was functioning less than forty per cent of life's capacity, when I ought to be working eighty-five to ninety-five per cent. It has been discovered that most of us are only functioning less than sixty per cent of real potentialities of life. Most of us are surfeiting life with attention to details that rob us of the largeness of life itself. We are worried so much about sleep, clothes, and the weather! Whenever I come in contact with little minds I know they are concerned with the small things of life and the penurious. Big minded people re-make the world in which they live; little minded people accept and grumble about the world that they find. The weather is never wrong. You can make the weather over. Life need never be a defeat. You can make a victory.

Our adoration at the shrine of the small and the penurious and the small-talk of the world: I spend a great deal of time on trains and in Pullman cars, and only this week I heard four or five men that looked otherwise intelligent, spend a whole afternoon —a whole afternoon!—That is one of the reasons why when I am travelling I usually wear my preacher's vest, because when I go in and sit down they all nudge each other and point at me and say "There is a preacher, sh'h'-h!" And then I can read all the afternoon! (Laughter.)

I wear it as a sheer matter of protection. But I left it at home the other day, and there were all these men, the whole afternoon discussing the relative merit of automobile tires! And each one had their defenders. And enough energy was consumed to settle the Chinese question in the discussion of automobile tires.

Why, when I think of this, even this matter of our lack of capacity in regard to the mere words that we use: In the King James version of the Bible alone there are 7500 words; the immortal Shakespeare used 17,000 different words, and five hundred of those words occur in the play of Hamlet that occur nowhere else in Shakespeare. John Milton used 12,500 different words. And listen to the impoverished vocabulary of most of us. Realize the poverty of our lives! We may be rolling in money. Why, there is not any poverty in the world that is real—real!—poverty except the poverty of the soul. That is the greatest poverty in the world!

And in these relationships of life that have a purely mystical significance we elevate and sublimate the total quality of the soul. And we have relationships with a power which is outside of ourselves, though I don't care what you call the power. You can call it God; you can call it First Cause; you can call it Primal Life; you can call it Infinite Mind; you can call it Eternal Principle; you can call it any of the variety of several hundred names that have been assigned to it down through the ages. I accept unqualifiedly the idea of Kant: I am merely blindly groping out into the night above me and the night below me and the night around me; that I have been self-deceived; that there is no power outside of myself. The mere fact that I am always seeking and the mere fact that there are times when I find but the seeking is always more than the finding.

Most of you are only concerned with results. I am not so much concerned with results as I am

with the way. I am not so interested as to what I shall find at the end of the road of life as I am with the glorious beauty of having an opportunity of travelling down the highway. I am not so much worried about that. Why, death may be annihilation, but, if death is rest, is only sleep, why, then, of course, death is rest. And when some of you become concerned about the identities that exist on another plane and beyond this plane upon which we live today and you re-create the contacts of those identities by all sorts of physical performances, and you demand table rapping and knocking, so far beneath the dignity of even live people that it is not to the credit of dead people that they had no other way in which to communicate with this plane. You must have physical spheres in which to live; you base your conception of immortality upon a permanency of identity and a continuity of personality, and unless you can project this as an identity into the world that you do not know then you lose the real perspective behind it all. Why, my friends, the quest is a greater thing than the reward.

I think one of the things that has interfered with the real intellectual flowering of Christianity has been the terrible pagan ideas injected into Christianity that people ought to be good in order to go to heaven and they must not be bad for fear they will go to hell. Why, the mere fact of reward for goodness in a physical institution to me kills the real joy of being good. I only want to be good because through being good I experience a direct reaction of spiritual beauty to myself and bring a little sunshine and love to the other people of the world. That is enough for me. (Applause).

And I don't want to be bad. I am not trying to be good because I am afraid of being bad and going to hell. Hell, the creation of those who have built their fires for the failures of the world. Why, I have been in hell, and down in the fiery depths of that hell. I have found a suffering that cannot be compared to any physical suffering that God could conceive, for I have suffered the hell of remorse!

And the reason why the motive power of good in the world is so much greater, based upon the ideal of love than upon the ideal of punishment, is because we know, every one of us knows what it means to walk along the highways of hell! We know!

Now, then, the true mystic is never interested in finalities; the true mystic is never interested in the science where he can say "I know." The true mystic is only interested in those relationships of his soul with the great sovereign powers that exist about us everywhere.

And who has not had those hours?

Have you ever had those hours of exaltation?

Haven't you experienced those moments when it seemed to you that the very gates of heaven opened up and flooded your soul with beauty? Have you ever listened to some beautiful music and all at once all the worries and anxieties and cares that you had during all the week just simply seemed to leave you, and you rose in the exaltation of a great experience? Do you know what that was? It was a mystical experience.

There have been philosophers who have been materially minded who have always attempted to explain mystical experiences as pathological experiences; its relationship in the grosser form, as it is sometimes manifested in human society with pathological experiences. Those of you who have read the great outstanding pragmatic mystics of the world know that one of the most normal experiences that the human heart and the human mind can have are the experiences of ecstacy and sublimation that come at intermittent intervals in the life of men and of the race.

Now, there are those who lack

a religious capacity. I have met people, and there may be people in this audience—I can hear "Dr. Bradley usually talks a little sense, but I don't get him this morning."—and that individual may be a very good individual, but they lack a religious capacity. They are so surfeited with the physical; they are so surfeited with the condition of the temperature and the lights and all the rest of it that disturbs little minds; they are so concerned with the physical details of life that their spiritual capacity has been dwarfed; and there are others who have great spiritual capacity. There are others who just rise and soar towards the infinite reality of Truth and of Love upon the wings of the morning no matter what happens.

Haven't you had those great moments of spiritual sublimation when you just know, no matter what the past has been, no matter what you have done, from now on, why, things are going to be different; hasn't your heart been glorified and your brain cleared; haven't you seen life in better relative values; haven't you realized where you are and what was wrong, and haven't you said "Why, I have had an experience"? I have had the experience.

I remember one time Mother and I were coming from the loop on the bus. We were very much worried; we were very much excited and very much disturbed, and we were worried about the church; worried about money, and worried about a thousand other things that always worry preachers, and we were thinking and worrying and wondering about this and about that. We discussed matters all the way from the loop. I will never forget it. It has been five years ago. When we came out of the outer drive and circled back again on Sheridan Road—well, we turned and here was this great beautiful liquid presence of beauty, our beloved lake, and she was all shimmering jewels, beautiful! and the glory of the sky was reflected in its bosom. And when we turned that corner there swept over me, almost like an avalanche, this thought: Why, wherever God is He is infinite Love and He will take care of every problem.

And something broke from me that day; some power that I had never possessed came to me then, some rich spiritual experience that I had never known in my iconoclasm and in my philosophy. My church was revolutionized then. Do not think you can build churches or have congregations like this on a meditative philosophy of life.

One of the saddest spectacles in this city today is the spectacle of a man who for over twenty-five years stood in this city; a man with one of the keenest minds the world has ever had, one of the finest orators, one of the most distinguished and splendid gentlemen I have ever known, Mr. Mangasarian. And yet those twenty-five years have rolled up in apparent failure, for not one single voice is there left to carry on the genius of that great analyst, who ninety per cent of the time was peculiarly negative in his treatment of life.

My friends, just as this radio is carried to our engineer in the room there, and just as he is sitting yonder by the amplifier sending this message out into the air, so every scientist here this morning knows that one of the fundamental principles of all electronic energy is the positive and negative aspect. You who pride yourself on your rationalism, you who pride yourself on your materialism, your very science itself brings to you forcibly at regular intervals when it works the principle of the negative and the positive, and the only individual that rises in the world is the individual that learns the positive processes of constructive thought and the beauty of complete living. And that is a mystical experience. It is not an experience that I can give you by formulae; it is not an experience that I can give you by rote; it is only an experience

that you must have with your own souls, and you aid yourself into that experience by living eternally in the presence of the best.

Give your bodies a chance to become the temples of the holy Spirit.

Do you think you can do it by filling your lungs with cigarette smoke and eating the carcasses of dead animals? Do you think you can do it by dissipating your nerves and ruining the energies of life? Do you think those eyes and those hands and that heart are going to function when you have violated all the laws of the physical and have run riot with your creative forces? Do you think there is going to be anything left to build a personality and power and health if you drain life? Why, you will become a weakling and disease will not only grip your body but it will grip your brain.

Give your soul a chance to float amongst the clouds, to go beyond the stars. Get the cosmic sweep of this great genius Whitman. Become lovers of the race and builders of humanity.

Sophistry—and one of the few places that Browning ever was a sophist was when he said "God is in His heaven, all is right with the world." The world never can be right until God is in the world, and the heart never can be right until God is in the heart. Not in his heaven, but in the heart of the world and in the heart of the race.

You remember those lovely words which Ethel Barrymore used in "Mid-Channel"? I shall never forget them as a beautiful expression of ecstacy when she threw open the door of the home, looking over the English Channel beyond the shores of France and across to the shores of England.

"Oh, to be in England, now that April is here; Oh, to be in life, now that love is here!"

Oh, to have those moments of spiritual sublimation when you feel a kinship with the stars and a brotherhood with the world.

And a true mysticism is that pragmatic mysticism whereby men and women of the earth who are engaged in the task of the earth can have these great soul experiences; that you do not need by formulae or by manuscript, by science or by mathematics to prove the existence and the reality of things, but down deep in your own heart and in your own soul you can say:

God lives, and because He lives I shall live also, and life will cease to be merely a mystery and will become a mystic experience of purpose and of love.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD NEW ORLEANS

(Being the impressions formed after one day's visit to New Orleans, driven in an automobile by a Spanish chauffeur, an interesting character in himself.)

Probably the city of the most romantic history of any in the United States is New Orleans.

The romance and beauty lies hidden to the casual visitor driving in an automobile or walking quickly along the busy, narrow and very dirty streets. It takes a vivid imagination and quick eye for the unusual, to evoke the Spirit of Old New Orleans, slumbering dreamily in the sunshine of a summer-like day.

Who has not read fascinating stories depicting New Orleans as she sparkled and danced, flirted and loved and fought a century ago? Everyone dreams of some time going to this old Spanish-French town, and really expects to find it a city of old world traditions and foreign customs, of softly modulated Latin voices, beautiful faces framed in mantillas, and handsome swarthy men, buildings, streets and dress of an other day and age! Yes—if the truth be told I fear that is what most people expect—and of course are disappointed.

Never-the-less—the Old Quarter of New Orleans holds a charm unlike any section found in any other American city.

Chartres Street, a thoroughfare

of the Old Quarter, upon which through more than two centuries the horses, carriages, and slaves of many generations have trodden, has an indefinable character which seems magically to transport one to the pages of a book once read, or something seen upon the stage. Up Chartres Street one sees the spires of the old St. Louis Cathedral which stands in the heart of the Vieux Carre, on the site of the Mississippi Valley's first Church.

There are all sorts of odd little shops; antique furniture, French and Spanish glass, some showing only brass or iron wares; one's purse must be long and well filled to venture into any of these alluring places.

In French Town (as the old Quarter is called) low brick buildings border the streets; from the second and third stories (where there is a third) hand wrought-iron balconies of elaborate graceful designs; long French windows and doors alike of buildings and homes, are shuttered with faded green blinds; these are kept closed in the hot sunlight of the day, keeping the interior cool and darkened, and the shutters are opened slant-wise at night to admit ventilation and cool night air. I shall always remember New Orleans with all those shuttered windows—like closed eyes of houses asleep—shutting out the world and dreaming of another day! I half expected most any moment to see a dark haired black eyed beauty in voluminous gleaming satin skirts step out onto a balcony and look down wonderingly at the noise and jostle of the people and automobiles passing by.

Then there are the French Restaurants. If one chooses wisely he may find one worthy the name that will be a pleasant memory; but who has not heard of Antoines most all one's life? And this restaurant at least lives only on the reputation built up by its founder generations ago, and the dollars spent there by unsuspecting strangers in search of a French meal. There is not the least atmosphere of a French restaurant, nor is the food of delectable French cookery; there is no menu card or list of prices to guide the guest who dines at Antoines, waiters are tutored to dictate what one must order, and—if one bites at their bate—the "sad news" follows!

However, the esthetic taste is fed on Royal Street by the quaint old Book Shops with bay windows jutting out on to the pavement, and high fan-topped arched entrances. Then there is the "Little Green Shutter Tea Room," on St. Peter St., only one story high, that is the most inviting place imaginable.

In the Vieux Carre stands the notorious Absinthe House where the French of old met to sip their absinthe. It was at one time the headquarters of Jean Lafitti, the "patriot-pirate" of whose prowess, valor and wealth volumes have been written. Green blinds are closed over the locked windows and doors, formerly the scene of much carousing, gaiety, and tragedy, — now quiet — empty — harmless.

Nearby is "Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carre." A most interesting and lovely place. The foyer into which one enters from the doorway has the appearance of a large hall in a Spanish home, there are some fine old chairs, benches and chests, and the walls are hung with tapestry. Thru an arch opposite the entrance the Patio is seen with its tiled flooring, a fountain in the center, quaint Spanish jars filled with plants, palms grouped here and there, and birds singing in cages hanging from little iron second-story balconies.

At the left of the entrance hall, (or whatever it may properly be called), antique gates open into another hall furnished with art treasures, and here is found the box office. From the opposite side of the main hall is still another presenting an altogether different appearance, like the exterior of a building it has brick

walls and two iron lamps hang over to short flights of steps (of possibly six or eight steps) with iron railings, these lead into the auditorium which seats five hundred. Here also the walls are hung with tapestry. The stage is large and thoroughly modern. Upstairs are dressing rooms, store rooms and work rooms where all the costumes are made. This fascinating Art Theatre is owned and maintained by the members of the Little Theatre Guild, which has grown to such proportions that only members are admitted to the presentations, no tickets being sold.

Another interesting sight — wholly different — but full of pageantry—is the French Market, a food trading center built over a century ago, known as the "Halle des Boucheries" during the French regime. This busy market place with many nationalities participating, is one of the city's most picturesque scenes. A roof over the side walk supported by old stone pillars forming a collonade along the outer edge of the walk; fruit and vegetables heaped around them, piles of bright green cabbages, carrots, beets, lettuce, baskets of apples, tomatoes, oranges and lemons add touches of bright color, like high lights in a dull picture.

The wharfs are marvelous. An automobile can be driven for blocks and blocks inside the freight docks, where cotton, paper, hemp, pine boards and fruit are piled mountain high, cotton and bananas vying with each other for supremacy; literally tons of cotton and millions of bananas, waiting to be carried away by the great ships of all nations docked there, and forming a most interesting picture of commercial activity.

There is a lovely park with palms and lagoons all very modern, and there are many fine modern office buildings, stores and hotels, but they seem obtrusive and do not in the least interest the casual visitor.

The greatest thrill of satisfaction comes when for a moment in passing they catch the longed for glimpse through a gateway or narrow arch of a secluded courtyard, flower filled, a fountain in the center, around its stone basin jars of blooming plants catching the splash of tossing water; roses—red roses—climbing up the faded brick walls to iron balconies. One's hearing sense quickens as the ear is turned to catch the mellow tones of a guitar accompanying a bronze tinged youth singing softly a Spanish or French love song; surely he—is there—there in the shadow of the wall—and the shutter back of the balcony opens?—Ah—the Spirit of Old New Orleans lies hidden, slumbering dreamily in the sunshine of a summer-like day!

Grace Thayer Bradley.
Biloxi, Miss.

HOW GOOD IT IS!

How good it is
When journeying along Life's road
To come upon a traveler kind
Whose face is lit with courage fine,
Whose eyes turn toward us with a friendly gaze,
Whose hand we feel would raise us
Should we fall.
Perhaps our lips will speak no word,
Perhaps our hands will never touch—
We only smile.
Yet in that smile,
That kindly look,
The God in man shines forth
And gives us benediction.

When such a soul greets mine,
How good it is!

Mazie Armistead.
(Written for "The Liberal.")

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Sundays—10:45 A. M.

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education—Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

Young People's Club—1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Club year was rounded out when the annual meeting was held in Channing Hall, April 16, the president, Mrs. J. J. Reynolds presiding. Reports of secretaries and chairmen were read, and listened to with keen interest, for the simple fact that they are always well worth listening to. After the general procedure of such meetings had drawn to a close, Mrs. Reynolds, the outgoing president, made a very effective address touching all hearts, for she is much loved, her rare spirit radiates loyalty and kindliness. It has been a privilege to work with her and for her! Mrs. Reynolds was chairman of the Philanthropic Dept. and a Board member before she became president, and she has held that office for two terms, which according to the By-Laws is all that is allowable. At the close of Mrs. Reynolds' address the meeting was given over to the Nominating Committee, with Mrs. Chas. L. Roberts as chairman. After nominations were made and the votes taken, the tellers announced the election of Mrs. W. H. Hermsdorf, President; Mrs. Mathew J. Riley, Vice President; Mrs. Floyd Brockell, Rec. Secy.; Mrs. Chas. L. Roberts, Cor. Secy.; Mrs. Spangler, Treasurer; Mrs. Geo. B. Schulten, Mrs. H. Friedlander, Mrs. H. T. Huckens and Mrs. B. E. Spangler are all new members of the Board.

In appreciation of several years faithful and indefatigable work by Miss Brand as Treasurer, the Club presented her with a wrist watch; and their gift to Mrs. Reynolds was a necklace and earring set. We cannot pass without comment the long and splendid service of Mrs. Henry T. Dalrymple who begs off from re-election. She has filled four years as a Board member with her best efforts — efforts that have counted largely in our Club life. For two years Mrs. Dalrymple served as chairman of the Educational Dept. providing specially interesting and fine programs which will long be remembered. The loyal work of the Secretaries, Mrs. J. P. Wahlman and Mrs. R. T. Logeman has also been deeply appreciated. In the natural course of events officers and boards must change, but we are all working for the best interest and highest good of all!

Mrs. Hermsdorf, the new President, has served as Board member, as Recording Secretary and Vice President. We wish her well in her new office and trust that all members will help her to make it a successful and pleasant one. In the afternoon of the annual meeting day, Dr. Bradley lectured on "Modern Poetry." There are several interesting programs on the Club Calendar before the close of the season.

G. T. B.

IN MEMORIAM

Mr. Henry J. Thayer, president of Thayer and Chandler, manufacturers of artists' materials, died suddenly on March 21 in his home in Highland Park. Mr. Thayer was a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, the Illinois Manufacturers' Association and was vice president of Thayer, Beebe & Co., stock brokers of Minneapolis.

Mr. Thayer was a loyal and sincere friend of the Peoples Church, and it was his idea to have a radio in Channing Hall where the "overflow" could have the service when they could not get a seat in the church. Mr. Thayer generously carried out this idea a year ago by presenting a very fine radio and having it installed for this purpose.

Mrs. Caroline Thayer, Cleaver, the son, and Mrs. T. C. Erringer, the daughter, presented the church with beautiful window drapes, so greatly needed to complete the furnishings of the church auditorium, they were made and in place for Easter day. These were given as a memorial for Mr. Thayer.

Mr. Thayer was a kind, generous and understanding spirit. We

are grateful for having known him, grateful that The Peoples Church meant something to him, and grateful that it has taken a place in the lives and hearts of his family, that in their hour of need they can find solace and encouragement in it.

THE YOUNG PEOPLES CLUB

With the coming of the spring the activities of the Young Peoples Club have been largely transferred to the out-of-doors. Hiking parties are being held almost weekly and similar events are being planned for the summer months.

The Annual Maytime Frolic was held on the evening of May 15th at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. The program committee is at work on a program for next season. They are anxious to outline a program which will cover the intellectual and social interests of the members. Suggestions will be received with pleasure. Kindly get in touch with Mr. Orr, the President or any other officer of the Club. H. O.

THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Teachers and students have manifested a splendid interest in the work of the school during the spring months. The enrollment has steadily grown. On the closing Sunday of the year which will be June 10 the school will hold the Promotion Exercises in Channing Hall at 9:30 in the morning. Parents, friends and teachers are most cordially invited to attend. A program of exceptional merit is being arranged. The Annual Picnic given by the school will be held in the Forest Preserve on the afternoon of Saturday, June 9. The particulars will be announced from the pulpit and published in the weekly bulletin. The School and Junior Church will resume sessions on Sunday, September 16, the day on which the church begins its fall work.

—C. W. D.

CHURCH NEWS

Dr. Bradley announces the following subjects for the remaining Sundays in the church year:

May 27—Memorial Sunday,—"The Fundamental Difficulty of Making Peace."

June 3—"The World's Supreme Problem."

June 10—Closing Service —"The Next President of the United States."

The Peoples Church will hold its closing service for the season Sunday, June 10. Services will be resumed earlier than has been the custom in the fall. The opening service will be Sunday morning, September 16 at 10:45. Dr. Bradley will speak on "The Next President of the United States" at the closing service.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Stickney, 5200 Kenmore Ave., have returned to the city after an extended European trip. They visited the Holy Land, Italy, Greece, England, France, Germany and Switzerland. The church welcomes them home most heartily. Mr. Stickney is a member of the Board of Trustees of the church.

The pastor's calendar for the month of March was as follows:

March 1, Address, Chicago Theological Seminary.

March 4, Sermon, Peoples Church.

March 5, Gulfport, Mississippi.

March 6, Gulfport.

March 7, Gulfport.

March 8, New Orleans, La.

March 11, Sermon, Peoples Church.

March 12, Address, Woman's Club.

March 13, Rotary Club, Chicago. (Noon).

March 13, Address, Peoples Church. (Evening).

March 15, Address, Flint, Mich.

March 16, Address, Des Plaines, Ill.

March 18, Sermon, Peoples Church.

March 20, Sermon, Syracuse, N. Y. (Noon).
March 20, Address, Syracuse. (P. M.).
March 20, Sermon, Syracuse, N. Y. (Eve.).
March 21, Sermon, Syracuse, N. Y. (Noon).
March 21, Address, Syracuse. (P. M.).
March 22, Dinner, Peoples Church.
March 23, Address, Morton High School.
March 25, Sermon, Peoples Church.
March 26, Public Library Board.
March 27, Address, Hamilton Park Woman's Club.
March 28, Address, Willing Workers' Club.
March 29, Address, Moline, Ill.
March 31, Address, Annual Banquet, Fisherman's Club.

Funerals

March 3, Mrs. Helena E. Lee. Interment Graceland.
March 14, Mr. Charles Sings. Interment Oak Ridge.
March 30, Mr. George Chapman. Interment Forest Home Cemetery.

Weddings

March 10, Walter C. Cleave and Hazel M. Kartnatz.
March 17, Percy H. Oliver and Helen Buffington.
March 24, Harry C. Ryan and Martha Dietz.
March 24, Earl A. Russell and Viola Metal.

The pastor's calendar for the month of April was as follows:
April 1, Sermon, Peoples Church. (A. M.).
April 1, Sermon, St. Joseph, Mich. (Evening).
April 3, Sermon, Peoria, Ill.
April 6, Sermon, Peoples Church.
April 8, Sermon, Peoples Church (A. M.).
April 8, Sermon, Peoples Church. (P. M.).
April 8, Sermon, Peoples Church. (Evening).
April 9, Board Meeting Peoples Church.
April 10, Address, Milwaukee, Wis.
April 11, Address, Milwaukee, Wis.
April 12, Address, Horicon, Wis.
April 15, Sermon, Peoples Church.
April 16, Address, Woman's Club.
April 17, Address, Temple Beth-El.
April 18, Address, Northwestern University.
April 19, Address, Des Moines, Iowa.
April 20, Address, Colesburg, Iowa.
April 22, Sermon, Peoples Church.
April 24, Address, Milwaukee, Wis.
April 26, Address, Palmer House.
April, 27, ill.
April, 28, ill.
April 29, ill.
April 30, ill.

Funerals

April 2, Mr. Collin McLennan. Interment Forest Home.
April 3, Mr. Jerry Van Der Way, Lansing, Ill. Interment, Oak Glen.
April 7, Mrs. W. G. Wachs. Interment Rosehill.
April 14, Mr. August P. Samuelson. Interment Acacia Park.
April 18, Mr. Harry Schabacker. Interment Acacia Park.

Weddings

April 7, John Frederick Butcher and Janet Law Edgar.
April 14, Clarence C. Miles and Edith K. Phillips.
April 14, J. Warren H. Smith and Francis Gale Smith.
April 14, Malcus Lindquist and Ruth Ann Hermsdorf.
April 21—Emory L. Kemp and Anita M. Hucker.
April 21, John T. Sings and Irene L. Raade.
April 25, Bert L. Roetter and Dorothy Eleanor Nolte.

Christenings

April 1, Jean Marilyn Buchanan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Buchanan.

April 1, Theodore Irven Anderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Anderson.

April 1, Alan Frederick Riechers, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Riechers.

April 1, Sanford Einar Jensen, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Jensen.

April 1, Donald William McLeod, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McLeod.

April 1, Lois Emily Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ward.

It is with pleasure that we announce the return of Mrs. Preston Bradley from Mississippi, where she has been spending several weeks recuperating from her illness which began on December 9. Mrs. Bradley returned on April 25 to her home. She is greatly benefited in health, but not fully recovered. We hope for continued improvement.

For the fifth time in sixteen years Dr. Bradley was out of his pulpit on April 29. He developed an abscess on his left leg just above the knee and on April 26 was compelled to cancel all engagements and take to his bed. He returned to his pulpit on May 6, but it was necessary for him to limp badly and with difficulty did he deliver the sermon. Prof. Robert Hutcheon, professor of Philosophy in Meadville Theological Seminary most acceptably filled his pulpit. Dr. Bradley has fully recovered and is carrying on his work with characteristic energy.

The Annual Meeting of the Peoples Church will be held Monday evening, June 11 at 8:15 in Channing Hall. The meeting will be preceded by a church dinner which will be given at 6:30 in Channing Hall. All friends and members of the church are invited. New members of the Board of Trustees are to be elected and the annual reports of officers and heads of organizations will be given.

On the evening of May 10 the church held a Fellowship Dinner at which the 208 new members who have united during the winter were the guests. It was a most enjoyable affair and resulted in the new members becoming better acquainted with the church.

The members of the radio audience have been most responsive by excellent letters and offerings. It is always a great joy to hear from members of the radio audience. The Board of Trustees voted at a recent meeting to continue the broadcasting of the services next year by Station WMAQ-WQJ. This will be our fifth season with the above station.

If this copy of our church magazine happens to fall into the hands of one who is not a subscriber would they not consider having the paper mailed to them anywhere for the year at one dollar and twenty-five cents a year? Will those whose subscription expires kindly renew as early as possible. Every member of the church ought to be a subscriber. Every dollar above the cost of mailing goes into the General Fund of the church. Our advertisers make the magazine possible. Would you kindly help us secure more advertisements. Information will be given gladly by Mr. Saunders, North Shore News, 7028 N. Clark St. Please send subscriptions to Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, 941 Lawrence Ave., phone Longbeach 6878. During the summer months only enough copies will be printed to supply the subscription list. Why not keep in touch with the church during the summer? Each issue will contain a sermon and other features by Dr. Bradley.

THE CEMETERY BEAUTIFUL

Planted amidst nature's own beauty, man has created a beautiful park cemetery. The sunken gardens, the winding paths, and the imposing chapel makes this spot a vision of beauty. It is indeed a fitting final resting place for our beloved ones.

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